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*Memories of
Hazrat Inayat Khan*



Murray Studio

Nov. 1906

HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN



*Memories of
Hazrat Inayat Khan*

*by
A Disciple*

It is the Message that proves the Messenger, not the claim.

INAYAT KHAN.

THE Presence of the Holy One is the Sacred River;
The Heart of the Holy One is the Gate to God's Shrine.

INAYAT KHAN.

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TO MURSHID

THIS little series of sacred memories is dedicated in deepest love and gratitude by one of His disciples.

“It is the Spirit of discipleship that opens the Vision ; its attainment is most necessary in the Journey along the Spiritual Path.”—INAYAT KHAN.

THE MESSENGER

AROUND the Throne the great Archangels stand,
Each One a Lamp, Each One a Kindled Flame,
Still and straight in the windless air They burn,
Lit from the quenchless Light that is *His* Name.

But One there is, Whom the Lord God doth spare,
A veiled Light, a Crescent Wind-blown Flame,
Down-bent to the dark place that is Man's World,
Making the darkness and the light the same.

Self-exiled from the burning Hosts of Heaven,
No lamp can hold such Radiance of White Fire,
No Angel dark behold with open vision
The Veiled Messenger of God's Desire.

DAR-U-SALAAM.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	13
THE MAN	17
THE MURSHID	27
THE SAINT	43
THE MASTER	55
THE PROPHET	69
THREE POEMS	92

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN—POET AND MUSICIAN	20
GARDEN AND LECTURE HALL AT SURESNES, PARIS	48
HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN—THE PROPHET	80

FOREWORD

THIS book is not in any sense a biographical one ; it deals neither with the Life of the Master, nor, except indirectly, with the Message He brought to the Western World. In the following pages an attempt has been made to present in a series of pen-pictures the various aspects of His Personality, in its marvellous blending of the human and divine, with which the writer had the unspeakable privilege to come into contact ; in the hope that by gathering them together under the classifications given below, the gracious Beauty of His Presence may be preserved for future generations.

Each Picture depicts but one Aspect of His Personality, and when it is said " The Saint does not possess such and such an attribute," or " The Master manifests such and such

FOREWORD

power," that particular Aspect only is referred to ; in the Being of Hazrat Inayat Khan the different aspects are blent in one Harmonious Whole.

Note.—The terms Murshid and Mureed are, in the Eastern School upon which the Master founded His Message, synonymous with those of Master and Disciple ; for the convenience of readers the Western terms are used.



THE MAN

THE MAN

"It requires perfection in *humanity* to attain to self-knowledge."—INAYAT KHAN.

THE *man*! In our limited human phraseology the term we use for the earth terminal of personality, the part that is imbedded in the denseness of earth, around which the clinging tendrils of our affections cluster, and from which the magnetism of life's contacts is sent forth. In this sense the Master was a man, in every relation of life giving and receiving the riches of which it was capable, yet in all "treading softly, as one who walks with God."

His home life was, to those whose great privilege it was to be permitted to enter into it, simple, dignified, restrained, ordered for things spiritual rather than temporal.

In days of extreme difficulty and poverty during the War the welcome of hospitality was always accorded to the visitor, the meals

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

shared with the Master in His Oriental room, although oft-times it was the last food in the house, and it was difficult for those of His family whose devotion had led them to follow Him from India, to know where the next meal was to come from.

Can any who have known it ever forget that welcome? the outstretched hands and the smile that was in itself a benediction. The figure of the Master, robed sometimes in plain black cassock and girdle, at others in the yellow robe of the Sufis; the still calm of the room in the midst of the London traffic, as if a rampart of prayer and peace had been raised around it invisibly. The hours that were in turn years and flying moments, as His words rent the veils of Time and Space and flooded the soul of His hearers with the light of the Eternal.

Pictures chase one another across the screen of memory, tears that wash the heart free of

THE MAN

all but gratitude rise now after many years at the remembrance of His graciousness and our blindness, those of us whom as Host at His own table He served with divine humility.

Two such pictures let this pen endeavour to paint. It is evening. The disciple has sat on a low divan facing the Master for many hours, lost in the rhythm of His consciousness, led by Him through the untrodden ways.

The sun sinks behind the trees of the London square, the sparrows chirp at the windows and the shadows deepen round the calm majestic form, the beautifully modelled head and brow, the slender hands with their passion of renunciation of self and of blessing for the world. The Master stirs from out a deep silence, one of His little children comes in and leans against Him and half absently He caresses the boy.

The meal together is a sacrament, for it is given by His hand ; the talk is now of life in

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

the world, of the music of East and West, of rhythm and the Russian ballet, of the poetry of Jalāl-ud-din Rumi and Omar. Later He takes His Vîna and, touching its strings softly, sings His own setting of some of the Rubáiyat, His voice not merely beautiful to the ear but full of some unearthly power of searching the heart, seeming to blend its quickened beating with the chords drawn from the Vîna. Afterwards, the train journey of sixty odd miles, alone, yet companioned by His Presence, so that His thoughts were our thoughts and life was seen temporarily through His eyes. The fellow travellers, usually so ordinary, how deep a sense of love arose in our heart for them, what an intense longing to serve the sinful and the sad ! In that heightened consciousness even Nature itself assumed a different aspect ; the low horizon lifted, and dull blackened buildings held an inner radiance,



HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN -- POET AND MUSICIAN

THE MAN

like the heart of some smouldering fire. Sometimes for days, at times for hours only, it persisted, this expansion of the little self; and when it faded there was still the remembrance and the great expectation of His further Blessing.

Another Picture.—One such train journey on a cold winter day, this time with the Master; the great London station is full of yellow fog, the raw air trying even to Western lungs and to an Eastern throat, the sensitive throat of a singer, almost poison. The day a public Holiday, the train so crowded that it is with difficulty that the Master and the disciple who is with Him can obtain seats. At the moment of starting a poorly clad woman with a young baby in her arms opens the door of the carriage, which is already full. Objections from several passengers, from the Master the greeting usually given to an expected guest. The baby

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

taken from her and held an instant before being placed in the arms of the pupil, the mother seated in the place He had Himself occupied. The low « God bless you » is spoken, and then the corridor for the rest of the journey, taken standing in its cold draught, the while His serenity and calm remain unshaken, as though He were enjoying the latest luxury of travel. As *the man* other pens than the writer's can paint the Master, for into the more intimate relations of so great a Personality it is sacrilege for other eyes to look. For in all things human He was beautiful to look upon, in all actions and gestures harmonised to the situation and demand of the moment. Reverence the feeling He inspired at all times, even in those who came in contact with Him merely in the ordinary activities of life. His music was to Him alike the expression of the deepest life of His Soul and the food of

THE MAN

His Divine Inspiration; and many are the pictures which rise before the eye of memory in which the Master is seen with the Vîna He so dearly loved. One in particular shows Him seated on the grass in a glade deep in the heart of the New Forest, His Vîna resting against Him while He gently and dreamily draws plaintive and soul-stirring chords from its strings, improvising in the different *ragas* expressive of the beauty of Nature and the joy it awakens in the breast of Man. It seems as if the sounds of the summer life of the Forest are hushed as the exquisite pathos and beauty of the Master's voice fall upon the quivering air; and all around a silence, tense and expectant of some great event, holds sway. In His own words "To a fine soul colour appeals; to a still finer soul, sound." In all things beautiful He rejoiced, and all things unbeautiful were redeemed from ugliness by His Insight and

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

Vision. As *man* the Master lived in the ordinary human life, making no outward claim to be other than His fellows ; but, as the sky in the summer night is constantly illumined by the brilliance of the lightning-flashes which play through its depths, so was the human personality of the Master constantly irradiated and shot through with Divinity, so that to those who were closest to Him it became impossible to separate the human from the Divine.



THE MURSHID

THE MURSHID

“ The Murshid is the *Physician* of the Soul.”—INAYAT KHAN.

“ The Saints on the Path—blessed be They—unanimously declare that it is incumbent upon the Neophyte, after the Maturity of his conversion, to seek a Teacher . . . versed in the internal ailments of the soul and their remedies.”—LETTERS FROM A SUFI TEACHER.

THE soul ! that dim stranger to our Western life !; of whom, among the Teachers and Preachers of orthodox religion, can it be said that he is « versed in its internal ailments and their remedies » ? The body and the mind the Occidental knows, for them and their culture he grudges no cost, arguing perhaps that if the rind and pulp of the fruit be sound the kernel will be sound also. Such the Western outlook upon life ; the Oriental knows better. To him the soul is predominant, its birth awaited with an ardour of expectancy, its pre-natal stages even, forming the golden thread to link all phases of his after life.

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

In the Silent Places of Nature, in jungle and forest, by village wells and at the Tombs of the Saints they are to be found, those Bringers to Birth of the Heavenly Babe, the Christ-Child sleeping in the heart of man. They stand waiting, wise with all Wisdom, tender with a great understanding, patient with the knowledge of the frailty of human hearts. Divine Men, Masters, Murshids, a hundred different names men give them in the East ; but each and all have the same meaning and significance in the secret sacred language that the soul understands. « Murshid ! Master—Khwâjâ—my soul is born ; after the long travail of body and mind it lives and cries for sustenance ; I have come to Thy Holy Feet and laid it before them ; raise it in Thy Divine arms and teach it the Way that it must go.» Such the prayer of the East—and the answer—acceptance by the Murshid. No

THE MURSHID

other human tie is like to this ; surrender and acceptance, like the arc of the rainbow rising from out two hearts to meet in the Heavens. It was possibly as *Murshid*, more than in any other way, that many of those who heard him teach or play the Vina came to know Hazrat Inayat Khan. Lecturing to large audiences gathered by advertisement never made an appeal to Him ; nor did this medium of expression serve in giving the subtle and mystical presentment of His Teaching. Seated amid a circle of those who, even in the smallest sense of the term, might be called seekers after Truth, the Master would speak slowly and rhythmically ; in later years, when His knowledge of English was perfected, each word chosen to give the exact shade of the meaning He desired. In the open if possible, beneath the shade of a tree, His listeners grouped round Him, He Himself looking at those nearest to

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

Him, yet seeing none, His slender Hand twisting the rosary He wore, His voice with its varied inflections carrying the words He spoke far beyond the brain to make their impression upon the subtler senses which He knew well how to awaken. No didactic teaching His ! no appeal to the emotions, no categorical presentment of *logia* of any sort to the mind. In simple phrases, in parable and legends old as the Faiths of the world, He lured His listeners on and out, away from the worn-out grooves of thought and the stereotyped ideas of conventional religion, into a new realm of consciousness, fresh and fragrant as the breath of dawn.

Beneath one tree in particular we saw Him sit for many hallowed hours in the zenith of the power of His Message ; much of what now forms His literary work was given in this spot ; the tree, a young one in the midst of a group

THE MURSHID

of larger ones, gave sufficient shade for Him alone, and it was His favourite seat. On the Passing of the Master from the body the little tree drooped and died, its life over with its sacred mission. In all His teaching, in whatever form given, the central Theme was God ; His opening words when giving a lecture or address are significant of His Attitude to the World. « Beloved ones of God »—how often have I seen an audience, still restless and indifferent, settle to half-startled attention as those words, so unusual, so poignantly uttered, made their immediate claim. « Beloved ones of God »—to the Master we were all just that ! ; and because of that His love for each and all of us was unfailing ; His Patience was indeed of all things about Him most divine ; His Courtesy perfect, His Calm never for a moment disturbed. The writer has been with the Master when He was a Guest in homes alike

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

of the wealthy and the poor; in each His demeanour was the same, He was apparently unaware of any difference, and his appreciation of the simplest meal or "the most delicious dish" was equal in degree, though He would sometimes apply the latter epithet to something which His hostess had specially pressed upon Him. His Serenity was unclouded through all happenings, however untoward. A picture of one such comes to the writer. It is a bitterly cold night in January, the scene a suburb in a north-country manufacturing town in England. Snow has begun to fall, the meeting at which the Master will speak is at eight o'clock, three miles away in the heart of the city. The disciple speaks of a Car, the hostess is amazed. "Oh, no! There is a *tram* five minutes' walk from here, we always go that way." There is no telephone, the hour is too late to allow of finding a vehicle of any kind. The little party

THE MURSHID

starts, the five minutes' walk is nearer ten and then, « Oh ! dear, we have just missed the *tram*, I thought our clocks were right ! Murshid, what *can* you think of me ? » The gentle, humorous reply, « But it is not *you* who are wrong, it is your clocks ! We shall blame *them* ! » And then the waiting for a quarter of an hour in the murk and slush and bitter wind, and no word to show that the Master even felt discomfort. He spoke of different things in His even tones and once His pupil listening had the sudden vivid impression that they stood in a cowslip meadow and that the icy wind was the soft breeze of spring. Never to blame ! that was the Master's basic principle in dealing with His *Mureeds* ; always He saw the good in their actions ; or, when there was no good to be seen in some particular condition or circumstance, He would picture that condition as absent and dwell upon the

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

opposite virtue. On one occasion someone was telling Him of an unusually « bad » action (in the usual acceptance of the term *bad*) and ended by suggesting that to have such a person as the one who had committed it known to be a disciple of His would produce a bad impression upon others. The Master listened attentively to a list of the wrong doings of the Aspirant to membership, and then replied with a smile, « Well ! and now that you have told me what he has done yesterday we shall ask what is he doing to-day ? or, still better, what will he be doing to-morrow ? Perhaps we shall melt his faults in the fire of our love ! » It was the custom of the Master to give a new name to the neophyte upon his reception as a disciple, and many of the names he gave were suggestive of the particular ideal towards which the character of that individual needed to develop. In the place of severity or

THE MURSHID

displeasure the Master would have recourse to a gentle humour, sometimes holding up to the eyes of the pupil some weakness or failure. In most cases, however, it was sufficient for the devoted disciple to come into the light of His Presence, so much did He expand the consciousness, faults and mistakes in the character seeming to rise of themselves and float before the inner vision like motes in the sunshine. Verily He did *melt* not only faults but all the knots and cankers, into which life warps even in finest natures, in the fire of His love, or as it would often seem to those about Him, in the radiance of His Being. As Murshid He was ever unwearied in love, patient with lack of understanding, tolerant of prejudice and ignorance, courteous towards opposition, unruffled by antagonism. At one of His lectures a good deal of interruption was caused by a rough man of the uneducated class who

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

continually called out words of disagreement. The Master, who spoke without a chairman, at last took notice of the disturbance and, after some unusually blatant contradiction, said in His usual even tones, « Yes ! perhaps it may be so ! but shall we wait a little to discuss it ? as these others *may* like to listen to what I am saying just now.» The man was abashed and sat down. When the lecture was over the Master called him, but as he was too sullen to come to the platform, He himself went down the hall to him. They spoke together for some minutes, and then, to their great astonishment, his disciples saw the man take the hand of the Master and shake it excitedly, while he said in a loud, hearty voice, « Well, sir, I don't know *now* as I thinks just like what you do ! but I'd like You to be my *Friend*.» Father ! Mother ! Friend !—the Murshid is all and more to the devotee who gives himself whole-

THE MURSHID

heartedly to his training. But like a great surgeon He also knows when to use the knife, and the diseases of the soul need a surgery more subtly delicate than any physical organism, however vital or complex it may be. Old growths of prejudice and intolerance, dead tissues of past loves and hates, old psychological conditions and complexes of many and various kinds, all such He knows how to treat, turning upon them the Healing Rays of His Compassion, burning up the waste of the years in the white fire of His Love. No words if they could be avoided, those who were nearest to Him learned to wait in the Silence for His Guidance. « Let us have a Silence together » came to be the phrase most eagerly awaited by such; and to the rhythmic waves of the atmosphere that was most truly *Himself* they surrendered themselves as some strong swimmer may relax and abandon himself to

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

the gentle motion of a summer sea. To sink into the still deeps that lie within us all, upheld by the vibrations that pulsed with steady swing at first, and then, as if polarised to that Presence, turned in upon themselves to form a Shell of Silence. To hear the life within at its ceaseless effortless task of *being*—to step, at first timorously and clinging to each Breath of the Master as a child to its Mother's hand and then, with increasing confidence, a little more bravely, back from those busy looms of body and brain and away from the confines of the *known*; to feel as in a dream the movements of the soul, as one may feel a faint wind stir among the trees at dawn, to bathe in the sources of the Infinite and, though as in sleep, to feel *the Touch* upon one's brow—these awed moments were His Gift to us, these great renewals heralded by the words, « Shall we have a Silence together ? » What

THE MURSHID

pen can paint the closer intimacies of spiritual Communion between the soul and the One to whom it gives the sacred name of Murshid ?

The mystical significance of such a Communion must be experienced to be understood, its sacredness must be felt rather than described. A Surgeon has told the writer that he once held a living heart in his hands for the fraction of a second and felt it beat. The *Murshid* holds the living heart of His *Mureed* in His Hands ; gently, as one might hold a captive bird ; for the fraction of a second only he holds it so, when in the first great recognition it leaves the breast of the disciple to lose itself in His Being. Then it is given back with His Seal upon it, the Seal which is the Insignia of His Divine Office and which stamps it, *not* with His Own Name, but with the Name of God.



THE SAINT

THE SAINT

"He who fights his Nature for his Ideal is a Saint ; but he who subjects his Ideal to his realisation of Truth is the Master."—INAYAT KHAN.

"It is not the solid wood that can become a flute, it is the empty reed."—INAYAT KHAN.

"A Saint is One whose past failures have become a life-giving fragrance."—DAR-U-SALAAM.

By what attributes does the ordinary man recognise Saintship ? ; what is his conception of the meaning of the term ? ; and to what type of his fellow-man does he apply the name of Saint ? Various though the answers to such a question may be there is surely one point upon which they would be unanimous, one attribute which would appear in the eyes of all thinking men to be essential to the nature and character of Saintship. This attribute, or rather this quality, which is resultant from the absence of most of the other attributes of human nature, is known in our common parlance as *selflessness*.

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

In those men or women to whom their fellows accord the name of Saint, the absence of that central pivotal factor of human existence, the *Ego* or *I*, is the first and most salient appeal made to the minds of others. The tough fibres of individuality have been pierced, and the interior recesses of character burned away, and from the « empty reed » comes forth the Music of Orpheus, divinely compelling, challenging in its unearthly beauty, awakening an inarticulate home-sickness in even the most undeveloped lives. The music of the spheres, and the fragrance of healing balsams distilled from herbs gathered by the wayside on the road of life, such are the gifts that distinguish the Saint from other men, whether He be King or beggar, known or unknown to the world at large. Resentment He has laid aside, and in its place He wears the breast-jewel of Compassion, clasping the Robe of Humility about

THE SAINT

Him as He treads the common ways of men.
Not His the rapturous vision of the Seer,
revealing heights beyond those paths beaten
hard by the toiling millions as they go ; not
for Him the ecstasy of the Mystic whose
thought is a kindled flame in the Central Fire
of the Being of God. The thunders of prophetic
utterance are not vouchsafed to Him,
and for Him no Burning Bush reveals the
Immanence of God. His Ways are the common
ways of men, His Hands bring to them healing
and the surcease of pain ; His gentle Presence
stirs no wonder in their minds, they drink
from the Chalice of His open Heart and pass on
refreshed. The prayers of the Saint are the
incense rising from the Altars in the shrines
of *all* men's hearts, He keeps alight the lamp
of the Soul which they are too negligent or
ignorant to tend. His Feet are wounded with
the stones they have left in the gardens of

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

their lives, and His garments soiled with the dust of their incessant haste. The memory of His failures he does not lay from out His Heart, for each one has become for Him a thorn, and by the miracle of God's Grace is changed into the mystic Roses whose fragrance keeps the memory of Eden fresh at the heart of the World. Of all the mysteries of the Being of the Master, the disciple who strives to paint these pictures was perhaps most deeply moved and most intensely drawn by the moments that revealed His Saintship. Two such may be given in these pages ; others are too intimate in their dealing with the lives of His devotees to be depicted for the outer world.

Again the disciple was travelling with Him, and together they had left the home of a member of His followers in which there had been an atmosphere more than usually congenial to His way of life and thought. He had

THE SAINT

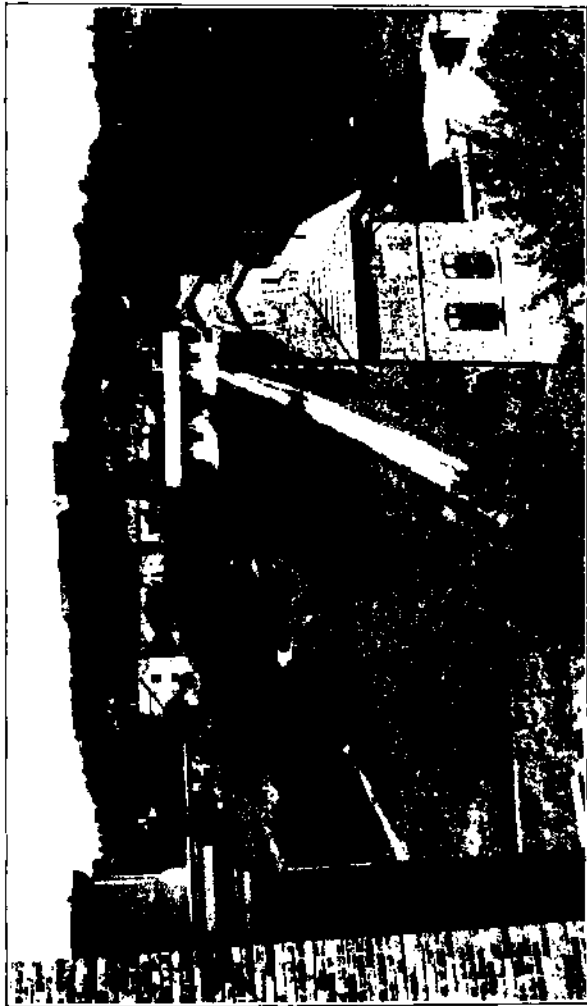
been calmly cheerful when the journey began, looking untired and untroubled, young, buoyant, almost gay. During the journey of an hour He talked with the pupil, discussing a book He was writing and plans for the work at the place to which they were going. Suddenly He broke off in the midst of a sentence and, leaning forward, gazed earnestly from the window at the flying fields with an expression of deepest pain and sorrow changing every line and muscle of His Face, and, as the disciple saw with amazement, His Hair becoming grey at the temples.

The plan arranged was not followed when the station was reached, for the Master, scarcely hearing what the disciple said, made a gesture of farewell and moved away among the crowd. The change from a young, upright and manly form was so extraordinary that the pupil stood, dazed and wondering, to watch

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

the bent figure of an old man, bowed beneath some mysterious burden of sorrow as it disappeared from view. No explanation of this unusual occurrence was given then or afterwards, and when the Master took His class a few hours later He had again assumed His normal appearance. Two years later the disciple witnessed a similar change, which took place when the Master was holding a class for His immediate circle of pupils and which was observed by them all. Among themselves they spoke of it when the class was over, and one of them said, «It seemed as if He were torn by some cosmic agony.» The hour of the class was three o'clock in the afternoon, at seven the same day telegrams in the evening papers gave the first notices of the great and terrible earthquake in Japan.

One other picture ; it is after a lecture given by the Master in a Church in a South of



GARDEN AND LECTURE HALL, AT SURESNES, PARIS

THE SAINT

England town, and the hour is late. In the vestry for a long time people have been succeeding one another in interviews with Him ; seeking advice in all kinds of difficulties, spiritual and temporal. At length they are all gone, the old verger has turned out the lights, and only one remaining lamp over the door illumines the Church. The disciple awaits the Master in the dim building ; alone, as it would seem, when suddenly a movement is felt rather than heard in one of the darkest corners and two figures move from the shadows. They approach the disciple, who sees that one is that of a woman, and that she leads by the hand a man, whose head and face are covered almost entirely with white wrappings, falling loosely as if just undone. In broken words the woman speaks, « The great Saint ! last night I heard Him speak and this evening I have brought—no ! do not look !—but *would* He, *could* He

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

help ! » It is too late, sick and shuddering the pupil involuntarily recoils ; for in that instant it was visible ! a face—human once—but now so marred and ravaged by the foulest of all diseases that but half of it remains. So awful is the sight that even its piteousness is powerless to prevent the horror too instinctive to be kept back. The woman draws the merciful folds of the enswathing bandage into place ; but all the time she is repeating her half-articulate request, « *Would He !—will He ?—* »

Ah ! yes, he is there, standing at the door of the vestry and beckoning them in ; it closes behind the trailing forms and once more the dim silence enfolds the waiting disciple. They do not again enter the Church, but go out by another door, and after a long interval the Master comes. No word is spoken on that homeward walk, but ever and again, with a deep sigh, the Master lifts His Head and looks up at the

THE SAINT

dark blue sky of night, in which there is no light except the stars. And then, as a cry from a Heart overburdened and borne down by the sins of the World, there come all at once the low, intensely uttered words, "I would rather be known as the Great Consoler than as a Great Teacher." Unconscious of any human presence He walks on in a deeper silence ; and the pupil, following, knows that the veil has been for an instant lifted to show the features of a Saint of God.



THE MASTER

THE MASTER

"Illuminated souls do not seek after occult powers, but occult powers by themselves come to them."—INAYAT KHAN.

POWER is the note of the Master, as Service that of the Saint ; but like the reverse sides of a single coin one is the complement of the other, one hidden while the other is revealed. In Hazrat Inayat Khan the Power of the Master was continually felt by His disciples, and manifest at all times as a force underlying His actions and words in the Message ; but, in accordance with the occult law which governs all high spiritual development, it was never once used by him for the personal advantage of Himself or those related to Him by family ties. In the usual bearing of the Master, in His figure, in His carriage and the poise of His head, the consciousness of Power was evident ; yet it was a Power held, as it were, in leash, and strongly controlled by the Will,

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

lest, as some strong wind may tear aside a disguising veil and reveal the hidden features within, it might disclose beneath the humility of the Saint the Majesty of the Messenger of God. In all ages, among all peoples, and in every land trodden by their Sacred feet, They have been thus veiled, the Great Masters of the Wisdom Who have come to bring the Light of Truth to Human-kind. For the Message of the Age must make its own way into the hearts prepared by faith and divine grace to receive it; imperceptibly It flows in the ordinary channels of men's lives, leaving in Its wake a new fertility and richness in the arid soil of their minds. No beating of drums proclaims Its advent, no fanfare of trumpets heralds the Passing of the One Who brings It to the World; a stranger to the seats of the mighty, unknown or ignored by the rulers of the people, He comes, and is once more gone.

THE MASTER

In His gift of healing the sick does the Master permit His Power the fullest and most untrammelled scope, though even the exercise of this manifestation varies according to the rhythm of life in any particular age and race, and in accordance with the intellectual and physical development of the people of the time. For it is as true in our own day as it was twenty centuries ago, that often «He could do no miracle there because of their unbelief.» Yet, where the response of recognition and faith leapt up to meet His Presence, the Master would never withhold the healing Power that was His, and His Compassion was ever at the service of the sinful and the sad.

The disciple who paints these Pictures is able to give personal testimony to the great blessing received from the healing of the Master after having suffered from a serious internal complaint which had caused eleven months to be

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

passed in bed. During this time four doctors gave it as their verdict that without an operation no cure was possible, but that the condition of the heart prevented one being attempted. The Master, Who was staying near the disciple's house, hearing of the illness, came instantly, and by the bedside gave the Healing Blessing of the *Laying on of Hands*, an immediate cure resulting and no symptoms of the illness having recurred during the ten years which have passed since that day. A strange phenomenon of the case may be recorded here ; during a wakeful night a short time before the visit of the Master the disciple perceived a large circle or disc of white light which seemed to be projected into the room through the wall *behind* the bed, and remained steadily for several minutes suspended in the centre of the room, coming from the *opposite* side to that in which was the window. (The

THE MASTER

disciple had seen a similar circle of light about a year previously when lecturing on the universal expectation of the second Coming of the Christ.) On the day following this vision, a friend, living in the adjoining hotel, came to visit the disciple, who inquired if there was any visitor of an unusual type staying there. The Master was described to her as an Indian philosopher and musician who was, the speaker believed, giving a course of lectures in the town. In later years the Master was asked by another disciple how it was that the healing in the particular case just recorded had been instantaneous and complete, while in other cases known to the questioner it had not always been so. His reply, "it depends upon the response," is a paraphrase of those other sacred words, "according to your faith be it unto you"; and teaches the great Truth, on which He was always insisting, that

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

it is *the God within* Who heals, the work of the healer, so-called, being like that of a water-finder, to discover the life-giving stream in the depth of man's being, and set free its hidden springs. In some natures the stream is nearer the surface than in others, and the whisper of its waters as they pass over the rocky bed of human character is the Voice that men call Faith. The cure of which a slight account has been given here is only one of many that the Master brought to pass in the lives of those about Him; but, as has been said in the Foreword, it is only experiences entirely personal to the writer that these pictures attempt to depict.

A difficult task indeed to turn over the leaves of the book of memory and read upon each page the story of some sacred moment; or to see some picture poignant in its beauty or encircled, as with a garland of little simple

THE MASTER

flowers, by a thousand instances of kindness and consideration in the common things of life. And, underlying all, His Power ; that, like a drawn sword flashing from the scabbard, would at times leap forth to prove Him Warrior as well as Saint, Master as well as Servant of Humanity. To be with Him was to dwell upon a veritable Mount of Transfiguration ; on which, not only He Himself, but all scenes and characters about him, became startlingly clear with a transforming quality of *newness*, so that the inner as well as the outer aspects of their being came into view.

The disciple sees another picture, and again the scene is a journey, for, during the brief years in which He lived in the Western world, the Master travelled unceasingly, bearing the Seed of the Message to the lands in which It must be sown. The journey is from Holland to Paris, and the way taken is through part

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

of the country then known as the *Devastated Area*. The train is approaching Mons, that name which no English heart can hear without the tremor of an anguished pride and pain, that spot sacred through all future generations as the Calvary of an unspoilt youth of a Nation. The Master feels the quickened pulse of the disciple's heart, and with His unfailing response to need He answers it. Turning to another pupil, who is not of the English nation, He asks to be left alone with the disciple; and, when the door into the corridor is shut, He looks steadily out of the window for a moment or two, and then closes His eyes. The disciple followed His example; and then, with His Power staying and supporting through endless vistas and red-hot mists of agony and pain, sees as it was—the *War*. No words can paint those scenes—though many pens have tried; seen as it is now by the disciple in one

THE MASTER

complete whole (and not, as by those who took part in it, in separate sections and fractions of sections), to see the War is to see into the cauldron of Hell itself—a cauldron from which arise, as from some vast abyss in the bowels of the earth on which we live, the fumes of a poison deadlier than death, brewed from the lusts and hates of men. Red skies and murky clouds of pitch, the stench of dissolution and decay, the foulness of the tainted air and breath of human life ! ; all this and more have many seen, and told it in the quiet days of peace ; but not to them might it be given to see the Picture that God saw and *lived*, lived as we men have marvelled He could do, unmoved and silent while an Age passed out beneath His Feet. Not theirs to see the life that leapt immortal from the festering clay, not theirs to note the white souls trooping up to God. The soldiers saw the angel hosts at Mons, for

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

once the enshrouding horror broke and let them through; but only once the glory flamed from out the Pit, and all the time those heavenly forms were there, and pain was drenched with dew from out their hearts, and dim eyes glazing saw their light and closed to wake with God.

The vision fades, the curtain closes down; that heavy hanging pall that shuts men in, hiding the further vision from their eyes. The Master breathes upon the ebbing life that flutters like a stranger in the pupil's breast, and feeds its feebleness with grapes and bread broken and given with His sacred hands. His Power has opened wide the prison-gates and flung aside the windows of the *known*; and now His great Compassion draws them close lest too much vision burst the bonds of sense.

* * *

THE MASTER

In many ways and by small, apparently unconscious acts the Master gave evidence of the Power that was His ; one such occurs to the mind of the disciple now. It was unusual for Him to speak much when walking ; but, on this occasion, He had been sitting for an hour or more in Regent's Park, and, on leaving, continued His discourse as He paced slowly, the disciple at His side. On reaching the cross-roads by Baker Street Station the Master, without pausing, or altering for an instant the rhythm of His walk, stepped off the pavement into the stream of traffic. Alarmed for His safety, in spite of faith in all He did, the pupil followed, and with the same slow pacing step they crossed the double lines of swiftly moving vehicles. Once only the Master raised His Hand, and vividly the disciple remembers the words, heard while a plunging dray-horse touches with its head the calm, unhurried

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

Form : « And I tell you, my *Murced*, that everything which has praise from the world is unnoticed in Heaven, and everything which is unnoticed by the world is kept in Heaven.» They move on between the wheels and through the maze of human endeavour ; and once again it seems to the heart of the pupil that a great Silence falls upon the world.



THE PROPHET

THE PROPHET

“ The Prophet is the Painter of that Ideal which is beyond man’s comprehension.”—INAYAT KHAN.

THERE exists in the East a widely different conception of the term Prophet to that which is prevalent in the thought of the West. The latter point of view limits the name of Prophet to those great characters depicted in the Hebraic scriptures as possessing the power of prophetic utterance ; for instance, while Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah and others are entitled to be called Prophets, Jacob, Joseph, Moses and many other great Biblical personalities would not be so designated. In the East, and especially in the teachings of Islam, the name of Prophet is the most exalted that can be applied to a divinely inspired human being, and is in fact synonymous with that of Avatār in the Hindu terminology ; both having the connotation of a blending of the human with the

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

Divine at such a high level of consciousness that *Union*, or God-realisation, has been attained. The phrase, « In the prophetic line, » is used to denote One who, in the hierarchical succession of divinely inspired Men, comes to the earth with a definite mission and forms part of the chain of Those who have been known to past Ages as the Teachers and Saviours of Humanity.

In this sense the term is interchangeable with that of the Messenger, yet there is a certain difference in its application and significance, for, while all Those who have brought a Message of Truth to the world were most certainly also Prophets, all Prophets were not definitely Messengers ; that is, they did not bring an explicit re-statement of Truth, in the form of a Religion, to the age in which they lived.

As in the distinction drawn between the

THE PROPHET

Master and the Saint the note of the former is positive and expressive and that of the latter negative and receptive, so, on a higher level still, the Prophet wealds the Power of God and the Messenger embodies His Love. To some minds it may appear presumption or even blasphemy thus to attempt to define and classify characteristics as far above the normal human development as are the Snows of the Himālayas from the plains that lie beneath. Yet, even as a child can feel the subtle distinctions in the characters of his elders, and by observing them grows in wisdom himself, so does the human heart expand and develop by the effort to appreciate the characteristics of high and holy Souls, seeing in each aspect one facet of the Perfect Whole.

In his Prophetic Aspect the Master was possibly further removed from those whom He permitted to call themselves His disciples

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

than in any other ; at such moments it seemed that He withdrew from the beloved physical Form they knew, and in the place of the sunshine of His Presence, a chill wind of separation blew between themselves and Him. Naturally it was not possible for them to know the nature of the Call that came to turn His thoughts away from them ; or to summon Him to Councils held in the secret places of the earth. Only they knew that He was gone ; sometimes *in* the physical body, but more often *from out* the body ; while it yet remained with them, swiftly and unaccountably He would be gone, leaving but an automatic rhythm of consciousness behind.

A picture of the former way of going rises to the disciple's memory and may be given here, so far as human words can image happenings not of this world. The scene—a little village on the coast of Holland, then but

THE PROPHET

a collection of fishermen's huts at one end of the beach, and at the other a few hotels, open for summer visitors, but at that season closed and silent. The Master is staying at the house of one of His disciples, and the writer of these Memories is also there. The wide windows of the Studio in which He taught look West across the grey autumn sea, and all around the wastes of sand-dunes catch and hold the eye with their suggestion of distance from civilisation and its importunate desires. Peace, Silence, with the ocean awash at its gates, the ordered Rhythm that was His Atmosphere and in which He tuned the broken human chords to Harmony with God, all this and more formed as it were a web of mystery and beauty in which His pupils moved, as in a dream, throughout the tranquil stillness of the fading year. Always His Serenity was the setting of their days, His Calm the benison that touched their nights

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

with peace ; His Humour, like the sun upon the sea, playing with all their passing waves of thought. And then—a day when without warning that most wonderful Rhythm trembled upon itself and broke. A strange restlessness took its place and during breakfast the Master neither spoke nor touched the food upon His plate ; the morning passed as usual, but those grouped around Him saw that His Thoughts were far away, His sentences were left unfinished, His movements showed a restlessness altogether new to them. At lunch again He neither spoke nor ate, but on rising from the table he asked His host and the disciple who writes to accompany Him for a walk. They hasten to fetch their coats ; but, quick as they are, His impatience is evident, He is waiting at the door, and, as they appear, walks hurriedly inland towards the wastes of sand.

Faster He walks, with a gait so unlike His

THE PROPHET

measured steps, that they glance at one another in surprise, and soon it is only by almost running that they are able to keep close to Him as He goes. After some ten minutes' walk they reach the dunes and there the Master stops; imperiously, and in a voice they scarcely know, He bids them wait till He returns, and, awe-struck by His manner, they obey in silence. The spot in which He leaves them is a little mound on which a flagstaff has been fixed; and from it the two who wait can see the Master's figure as He walks rapidly in long strides, planting His stick before Him in the shifting sand. He is bare-headed, and His hair, usually so expressive of His love of beauty, is all dishevelled and streams out upon the wind. His garment, a long black cassock and over-cloak, adds to the impression of some Prophet of old, and involuntarily the disciples utter the same word, «Elijah!»; how is it that we

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

know he looked like that? His haste does not impair the sense of Majesty and Power that comes to them as they watch that figure while it seems to grow larger instead of smaller in the distance, until some quarter of a mile away it disappears among the further dunes. For perhaps three-quarters of an hour they wait in silence which is like a prayer, and then they see Him come, not by the path by which He went in urgent haste; but slowly and with measured steps, His aspect of such Beauty that they catch their breath.

Gently He treads the narrow sandy way, and as He comes He stoops to gather flowers, the wild and hardy poppies of the sea, the thistle and the yellow spikes of gorse. His Form is slender now and full of grace, His hair is smooth upon His brow, He smiles the heavenly smile that wins their hearts, and bending lays the flowers in the pupils' hands. He talks of

THE PROPHET

usual matters on the homeward way, and lightly touches each in humorous vein; no word is said, no question asked that can refer to that strange hour; and so, their hearts alight with joy, they reach the house. Only at supper, which is always a sacrament of peace, He speaks of what has passed. His host is asked if he can find the spot, a tiny basin green and fresh with grass, behind the Mount near which the Master disappeared. "For from to-day it shall be given the name *Morad Hassil*, the Mount of Blessing, and those who pray for blessings there shall have their wish granted." So spoke the Master, and no more; but in their hearts the two disciples thought, "It is the place of tryst, He kept it there—with Whom?"

* * *

At night it was the custom of the Master to visit a disciple who was lodging near by and

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

suffering much from pain and loss of sleep ; after he had done so a few times his host noticed that the fishermen grouped themselves at the corner by which He was accustomed to pass, and all raised their caps as He went by. Curious to know their feeling he spoke to one of the elder men and learned that they believed the Master to be S. John the Baptist.

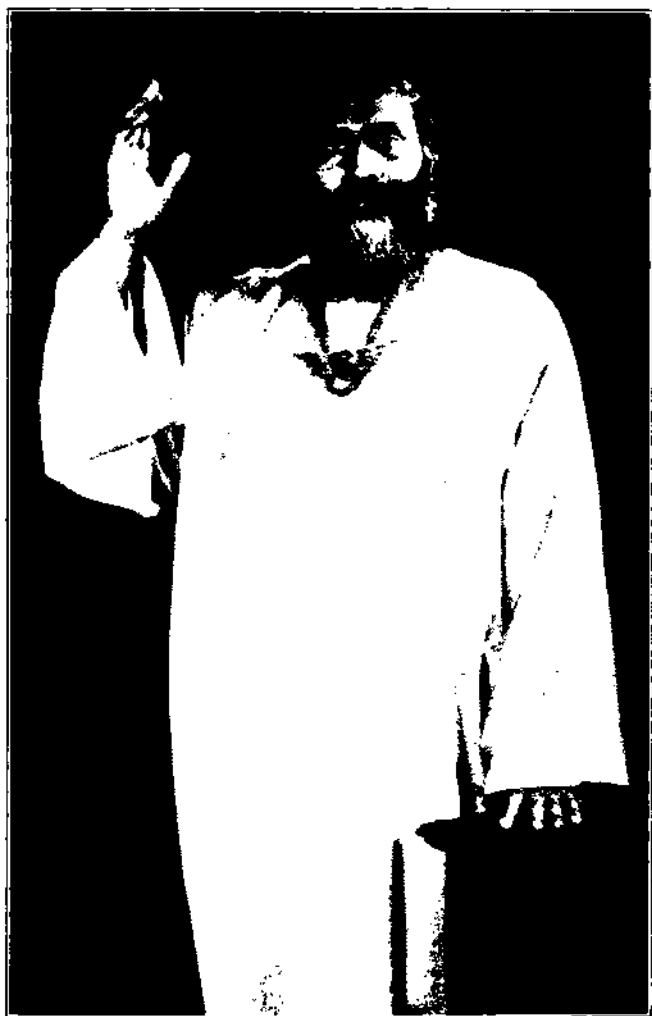
Why they chose this particular saint it is hard to say ; one would think rather that they might have seen in Him the One Who called the fishermen of old and walked with His disciples on the Galilean Sea. And yet, it was the first aspect of the Messenger, the *Power* of the Message rising and burgeoning within His Breast, that marked the Master most during those days beside the sea ; and to these simple souls it made its strong appeal ; wordless and wonderful it spoke to them of God. In quite

THE PROPHET

another setting recognition came to the Master from souls equally simple, yet of a far different type. He had been speaking in the East End of London, and was returning by train from the Whitechapel district. At one of the stations a group of working boys and girls got into the compartment and some noisy argument began among them and soon took the form of a quarrel in which bad language and oaths were the chief feature. The Master remained unmoved and did not attempt any interference; only, after a few moments, He removed the black *Fez* which He always wore when travelling, and which acted as a partial disguise, covering, as it did, the noble upward sweep of the brow. After a minute, a girl of about sixteen looked towards the corner where He sat, and gave a startled cry. Putting her hands over her eyes as if to hide the vision that broke upon her, she shrank back against the lad next

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

to her, saying in a hoarse whisper, as if to herself, « O ! my Gawd ! it's Jesus Christ ! » A stillness like death succeeded the clamour of a few minutes before, and was broken only at the station at which the Master was leaving the train. We are told that the Type of the Saviour of Humanity always persists, and that the great mediæval painters have portrayed the Christ from an intuitive recognition attained by the inspiration of their Subject. It would seem that it is in our own Age, as once before, that much which is hidden from the learned is revealed to the simple and to babes ; for, in other instances and in widely differing lands, the recognition of the Master as some embodiment of their Ideal of the Divine has been instantaneous among those who *saw* without either an intellectual or spiritual comprehension of the Message or the Messenger. Apart from the action of the brain, and often in spite



Understood is Understood

Vol. 1, No. 2

HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN—THE PROPHET

THE PROPHET

of the dictates of reason, the soul can see in flashes of vision ; but without the concurrence of these sentinels of its prison-house it may not do more than glimpse the passing vision, before the shades close in once more. Deeply, profoundly, true are the words of Sṛi Krishna in the Bhagavad Gîta, « The mind is the Slayer of the Real, O ! Arjuna ; let the disciple slay the Slayer.»

* * *

The Message, what is It? ; to answer this question does not come within the scope of this little book ; these blown leaves from Memory's tree, gathered together to form a garland for the Sacred Shrine of the Messenger. Only, that in the far-flung Seed of that Message is the earnest of the spiritual food that shall be for the Healing of the Nations ; only, that in the Power of that Message conscious Union with God will be the heritage of Humanity,

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

realisation of his own Divinity the ultimate goal of the age-long evolution of Man. Love *for* all, harmony *with* all, beauty *in* all, to experience this Trinity of consciousness is the next stage of man's unfoldment of the Spirit that has led him on, upwards from stone to plant, from plant to beast, from beast to man. « Our little systems have their day,» but in each the end and aim is the same, the realisation of the utmost scope of human development ; the realisation of the true nature of Man's own being ; the realisation of *God*. To this end are the Messengers born into the world, that at each stage and at every phase of its upward climb the World may have Light and still more Light.

For as light is always one and the same, whether it be made manifest by a wick floating in oil or by the intricate mechanism of the mighty Searchlight sweeping the heavens, so

THE PROPHET

Truth is one and the same and varies only in the manner of its presentment to the minds and hearts of men. Always there has been a Divine Embodiment of Truth suited to the evolution of the World at that time ; and not erroneously does the Hindu Religion speak of the Divine Incarnations guiding the Cosmic Changes even in pre-human Ages. To such embodiments the name of Saviour or Messenger has been given by those to whom They came, and in the *Name* men have seen the Object of their adoration, oblivious of the One-ness of the *Light* They brought. It was in this sense that the Master was the Messenger, and in this sense He was Divine and Human both ; the Bodhisātva, the Rassoul, the Christ, the human vehicle bearing the Light « that lighteth every man that cometh into the World » ; that Spirit of Guidance which is the Searchlight pouring from the bared Heart of God in Manifestation.

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

It is as the Messenger that His disciples reverence the Master most ; it is the Light of God shining from out His Heart that they adore. And ever, as that Light increased it veiled *Him* more ; sending its Rays far out into the World, yet at its Source too radiant for their human eyes to bear. For the true understanding of the Message of God, in whatever age it is brought to earth, is in the realisation that it consists, not in words, but in the actual *life* given to every living thing and to every atom in the Cosmos, so long as the Messenger is in human Form. The words "I am come that ye might have *life*, and that ye might have it more abundantly," are true of each Messenger ; and, as the physical Sun is the source of all the life of the physical Globe, so is the Son of Righteousness the Giver of the life of the soul. The Words in which that Message is given vary very little ; not at all in their meaning, and in

THE PROPHET

their form, but only as the teaching given to children varies with their age and development. The Message itself is the answer to the demand of the time; and to-day, in the aftermath of a World-destruction, the hearts of men are reaching out towards Unity and Peace.

« Raise us above the distinctions and differences that divide men; send us the Peace of Thy Divine Spirit and unite us all in Thy Perfect Being »; such the prayer which the Master had ever on His lips, such the revelation of His Heart towards the warring sects and religions of the World to which He came. *How* to write of Him in this final and yet all-pervading Aspect of His Being?; how to attempt to paint, in colours drawn from the pigments of human understanding, that Life of Consecration to an ever-increasing realisation of His Mission?

Truly was it a *Viâ Crucis* that He trod, though

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

it was not a visible cross that He was to bear as He passed through the jostling crowds of men, calling as of old His *own* in every land, and otherwise unnoticed and unknown. The disciple who writes and another of His followers had a strange and, to their hearts, a deeply significant experience towards the close of the earthly life of the Master. Together with him they are walking in the New Forest on a still, windless day in the early Autumn. As they come to one of the narrow alleys between the trees, called in the Forest a *ride*, the common impulse comes to them to draw aside; and slowly the Master moves on alone. On either side of the green path the firs and pines are motionless, not a breath stirring them or the beeches and oaks that grow in the background. The Master pauses a moment, and then turning stands beneath a fir whose large, fan-shape branches form a canopy above His

THE PROPHET

head. No wind stirs a leaf of any other tree, yet both the disciples see the branches of the fir bend and sway ; slowly, and with the movement of hands in benediction, they dip towards the bared head and then become motionless as before. After this salutation from Nature the Master resumes His slow progress along the narrow way, while the two disciples, obeying the instinct which tells them He desires to be alone, stand still to look with wonder upon a walk so kingly, and yet so fraught with the suggestion of some great compulsion and endurance, that one of them says, upon a breath of awe : « It is as if we saw Him bear the Cross as once before men saw It borne in royal Humility before their eyes.» Three days later the two friends are sent to see the Play called *The Wandering Jew* performed in London, and there in the scene which depicts the procession to Calvary they see the

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

Cross as it is shown in the Play, carried wavering and high above the crowd by a Figure which is not seen. It seems to them, as they watch its slow passing, that the Picture their hearts had painted has now been made complete. But for them, as for the Master, the symbol of His passing from them has been shown, although as yet they know it not. In many ways and at all times it would seem that Nature, so much beloved by Him, could offer recognition and homage to the Master when human eyes were blinded by preconceived ideas and man-made *theologia* of the Past. On another occasion when walking with the Master in a forest the disciple saw a strange phenomenon ; a small whirlwind gathers the dead leaves into a spiral form, which raises itself before Him some five feet in height and three feet round at the base. At the time the forest is held in the golden stillness of October ;

THE PROPHET

when, if but a leaf falls, it spins slowly through the motionless air to join its fellows in the untroubled quietude of death. Yet for some three minutes the miniature vortex whirls and twists in the Master's Path, as if moved by a cyclone, to subside again into the utter stillness which hushed the dreaming trees to their last sleep. Later, the disciple asks the Master what such a strange occurrence can mean ; and is told « It was an Initiation, » yet knows that no further question must be put.

For the Messenger of God all moments may be big with portent, all places blazed, as a secret trail, with a significance unknown to those about Him. The *facts* by which ordinary men make their way through the maze of human existence are to Him as illusive and intangible as the changing drifts of a sea mist which obscures the outlines of the real. Nature in all her moods is open to His Vision ; a map whereby

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN

He guides unerringly His Steps upon the Way.

But most of all He reads the hearts of men and all the blotted pages of their lives ; and reading, knows their failure and success, their greatness and the weakness they call sin. Reading, He sees how near they are to God ; and as they sleep, worn out with pain and toil, He bends to smoothe the furrows on their brow and whisper dreams that bid them rise anew and tread once more the common ways of life. And as He bends above a world asleep, or partly waking in the Dream of Life, the Light which is His Being falls upon their hearts and shows in each the radiance of a Star.

The Messenger of God, in every Age and Time, in all the Worlds that strew the Fields of Space ; in every heart that beats in human breast, has but one Touch to give in Passing

THE PROPHET

as He goes, has but one Task to render while
He stays.

It is to Light afresh the flickering Flame, to
kindle once again the failing Fires of that
Divinity within all life, that ceasing never,
lifts man up to God.

THREE POEMS

BY

DAR-U-SALAAM

FANA-FI-SHAIKH

(DEVOTION TO THE MASTER)

The Soul Speaks.

What if a leaf should stir on a tree at Thy Passing,
Oh ! King of my soul, and I should not know it !
What if a blade of grass should show the print of Thy Footstep,
And I should not see, blind from the glow of the roses ;
If in the night a breeze, tender and faint as a zephyr,
Breathed in my ear Thy Name and I was still sleeping ;
If, walking the world on feet that are tireless,
Thou, pausing to rest at my gateway,
Should'st find it closed, and then should'st pass onwards ;
Master, see ! I, Thy Disciple, entreat Thee,
Hold Thou the Key of my heart, wherein I would meet Thee.

FANA-FI-RASSOUL

(DEVOTION TO THE CHRIST)

The Soul speaks.

The white light of the Moon illumines the pathway of blackness,
There, in the heart of the world which is silently sleeping,
Thy Heart, Oh ! Christ, Lover and Love of the Ages,
Thy World, Yea ! and my world to love and to die for.
Pain sighs on the night-wind, comforted, lulled and appeased,
Hearts stir and smile in their dreaming, blest by Thy Presence ;
Shadows and shades of man's bitter and lustful desiring
Creep to the Light of Thy Footfall, there to be changed into
Glory.

Lover and Love of my life, I too would be changéd,
Drink but my being, absorb me as sunshine the dew ;
Use me, or lose ! make me or break me ! I care not,
So I may share in Thy Passion, partake of Thy Lot !

FANA-FI-ALLAH

(ANNIHILATION IN THE DIVINE)

The Path has not been long ! *Is* there a Pathway there ?

Or is it I who dreamed of a Sun

Whose Rays pierced through Itself and made Space

And *were* for a million of years—or a moment,

And were not again.

The Master ! where is He, Whose Hands held my heart

Through the bliss and the pain of the Dream ?

Was it *He* ? Was it *I* ? We are one and the same,

He the Light, I the beam.

There is not even that Light, it is merged, it is fused again,

In the Heart of That Which Is Not ; in the Breath of That

Which Has Been,

Master and pupil are one ; Darkness is one with the Light,

I see the Day of Brahm sleep in the Arms of Night.

